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Judge

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RIVAL STARS.

GROVER (*a "Hamfatter" out of an engagement*)—"Aha! *She* does well enough for a light Summer Entertainment, but when the Legitimate Season opens, the people will want Heavy Tragedy; then they will call on ME!"

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

W. J. ARKELL. . BERNHARD GILLAM.
I. M. GREGORY, *Editor.*

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POEM to the mosquito—Ouch!

* * *

THERE IS RECIPROCITY between all the states of this union, and nobody has called it free trade so far.

* * *

WE JUDGE from the advice of the newspapers that the time for workers to strike is the thirteenth month of the year.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND now writes a letter every time he catches a fish. It will be seen that he has cast his fish-lines in pleasant places.

* * *

THE ATTACKS on the administration are again centered on Baby McKee, with an occasional reference to the president's hat. How dreadful this is!

* * *

MR. R. W. GILDER is doing some fine verse nowadays; but his descriptions of details are so exceedingly well done that he forgets to tell what the verse is about.

* * *

LET US SUGGEST that the draped statuary of Detroit be draped according to the season—blazers for hot weather and the comfortable ulster from December to June.

* * *

A GREAT MANY boys have been searching around for fragments of themselves since the fourth of July; but some were so far gone that they couldn't come back to save the pieces.

* * *

THE CHILIANS are much agitated over politics, and many anticipate another revolution. This will be great news for Peru, though perhaps that fact will prevent the revolution.

* * *

A LARGE PICTURE of the always delightful Mrs. Cleveland which has recently appeared in a popular periodical would seem to indicate that she, too, is in favor of tariff reform.

* * *

MR. BLAINE can utter no word which does not agitate the whole political situation. We believe, everything considered, that Mr. Blaine has regained his physical, mental, and political health.

* * *

IN HIS arraignment of the federal authority Governor Hill omitted one thing—the persistency with which Washington persists in being the national capital notwithstanding the claims of Richmond, Va.

* * *

THERE WERE great expectations of Robert Pattison a few years ago, but they died all over. Still there are advantages in that. He has been forgotten, and therefore he appears to-day as a new man.

UNNECESSARILY CONFESSED.

HEALTH OFFICER—"Have you ever been inoculated?"
MR. BREMLEY (*rather apologetically*)—"Free times, boss; da's all."
HEALTH OFFICER—"What for?"
MR. BREMLEY—"Wonst fer stealin' chick'ns, wonst fer 'sault 'n batt'ry, an' when I jined d' Masons."

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY says he is out of politics, and that declaration is very wise in view of his underhanded leadership of Tammany hall. William is very much in politics, and little Dan Lamont is his right-hand man.

* * *

AN EXCHANGE has an article on a recent defalcation entitled "Finding out where the money has gone." What a tremendous problem it is! and, more curious still, the less money a man has the more it bothers him.

* * *

FOR A TIME after every convention it seems as if the wrong had won; but the second thought at the polls, whichever ticket wins, shows that the caucus and the convention have been all right, either as to winning or getting licked. Put that in your shoe when you feel like kicking.

* * *

THERE ARE long accounts of Marie Bashkirtseff's funeral in a good many of the later papers, though the precocious child was buried in November of 1884. It will do no harm if the funeral ends all, now that the death has been so unnecessarily and surprisingly prolonged.

FROTH OF THE CENSUS.

THE CENSUS has brought St. Paul and Minneapolis, as well as many other places, to the verge of war, each claiming that it is by right larger than the other, regardless of the figures. Might we venture to suggest a union of the two under one municipal flag and with one destiny? Otherwise the two will make themselves as disgraceful presently as Chicago and St. Louis.

KEEP COOL—DON'T SHOOT.

ABOUT ONCE every six months the Democratic press gets the idea that the liberties of the people are threatened by the Republican party. This time the trouble is the Lodge bill, and the Democratic editor is so agitated about it that he froths at the mouth. It is curious to see this man and his press so disturbed, and to remember in that connection the calmness with which they viewed the armies of the confederacy for a considerable period, though the union was in more danger during that period than it will ever be again, and the liberties of the southern white man were wiped out entirely. Now these are warm days and it is dangerous to get excited. Keep cool, you apprehensive man. Many things that troubled you in the same way during the war and subsequent thereto came out all right, and the union and the liberties have not only been preserved, but have been added to in the most encouraging way. Possess your soul in patience, dear man, and all will yet be well.

A VERY OLD QUESTION.

THE SPEECH of our governor at Indianapolis was in admirable contrast with the ponderous platitude of Grover Cleveland. It was alert, active, quick with the ideas of the hour, and shrewd in its partisan judgment. So far as ability is concerned, one wonders that the Democratic party should be in doubt as to Grover and David; but circumstance favors the Democratic elephant rather than the Democratic hound. But this protest against centralization is an old thing. Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis wanted no central authority; and there is no filibuster, dead or modern, who hasn't had schemes for the lifting of small places to the level of the kind of independence that belongs to Bulgaria, whose chief purpose appears to be, innocently enough perhaps, the creation of war. Governor Hill in his zeal against centralization talks for the sovereignty of states. Now that has been fought out. It is really and seriously true that the general power at Washington is as sacred as the local power of states and smaller sections. General Lee admitted that. Aleck Stephens admitted it. Both went with their states under protest and against their frequently expressed ideas against that course. Has the general government a right to protect itself? Has it any right which a Democrat is bound to respect?

THE NOONING;

OR, BASS-CASTING INTENSIFIED.

THE BASS—"I've just dined, so I think I'll have some fun with that bait."

—"The line seems to be good and strong, and I think the game will work."

—"Now for a good pull on the slack!"

—"Welcome to Musquam inlet, mister."

HYMN of the electric wire—"A charge to keep I have."

* * *

USURPATION as defined by Governor Hill is the attempt of the general government to take care of itself.

* * *

MR. ROBERT E. PATTISON is a has-been. There was a time when he might have been a great governor. That time has passed, and now he can be no governor at all.

* * *

IT WOULD be easy to kill off the Louisiana lottery company if people would refuse to be robbed by it; but that is so simple a remedy that perhaps it won't be acted upon until next year.

WE MUST remind our friend Russell A. Alger, after a brief look through our exchanges, that he is working his boom too rapidly. No boom can stand too much premature booming.

THE BLUE-RIBBONEST WISDOM.

GENERAL BUTLER in some advice to ambitious young men says, "Never do a mean thing for money." Let us add to this the suggestion, never do a mean thing for nothing, or for anything whatever. Whether the world hears of it or not, it will abide with you as long as you have a conscience—and when you cease to have that you have lost the thing that best excuses your living. No, young man; do not trifle with your self-respect. Vote the Republican ticket and be respectable even if you don't make a cent.

TAKEN TO HIMSELF.

ONE OF THE GOODKIND GIRLS—"Did you ever see such an apology for a scarecrow?"
THE OTHER—"Never."
THE PARSON (*who has been hurrying to overtake them*)—"Young ladies, it is impossible for me to dress any better on five hundred dollars a year and one donation, and it grieves me to hear you speak so."

HUM OF THE COURT.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD gets one hundred thousand dollars for his latest poem, of six thousand lines. Those be large figures, but those be large lines.

"DID ANY pale-face ever see a bald-headed Apache?" asks the Albany *Journal*. Perhaps not; but a few Sioux have, and they have the hair to show for it.

"IS THERE any use for old towels?" asks a household writer. Oh, yes. You cut out the middle and throw that and the remnants away, and there's your sea-side wiper.

THE COLLEGES have neglected John L. Sullivan. Since his contribution to the depleted exchequer of Mississippi they ought to have made him doctor of laws at least.

GO AWAY from me, Sara Bernhardt! I have one woman who is mine by right, and if you try to abduct me I'll shoot you with a gun.—*H. M. Stanley.*

AS TO ILLNESS Mrs. Langtry is latterly the most successful actress out of the field. Let us hope that she won't get so ill as to oblige her managers to resort to the daily bulletin.

"NO PRINCE or princess," says a writer, "has a right to fall in love." That is true, and therefore the ordinary boys and girls are kings and queens in comparison with them, regardless of their number of divorces.

CHRISTINE NILSSON, they say, is hopelessly involved in gambling, and is rapidly nearing poverty because thereof. Lay that to her dead husband. The poor old girl never would have thought of it but for his example.

OUT WEST is a woman's association called the Womedaughsis. It is apparently the shortest method of saying women, daughters and sisters. It has just been started, and the name may not be able to kill it in three weeks.

A WOMAN'S CLUB in London is so successful that it has provided a separate room for smokers. Out of respect for the club it must be admitted that most of the smokers are men; but we are also obliged to admit that the smoking-room is crowded while all of the other rooms are empty.

NEWSPAPER PERSONALITY.

CALLER—"Is the editor in?"
BRIGHT OFFICE-BOY—"No, he's *out*; but the foreman's more'n made up fer it. He caught Castaway yesterday at fifteen t' one."

PENSIONS for boys injured by fire-crackers are advised by the Buffalo *Express*. That is satire; but when there are no boys to celebrate the fourth of July the country might as well be sold to an English syndicate.

A PROFESSOR fixes the time of Joshua's long day, but hesitates as to its length. That is a wise as well as a learned professor. Miracles and facts antagonize each other so much that we wonder both were not knocked in the head years ago.

IT IS DIFFICULT for writers of watering-place letters to say anything new, and perhaps that is the reason they don't; but the pictures of no-dressed and half-dressed women that accompany these documents have a number of quite original ideas.

"THE HEAVENS may now be expected to fall," says the Boston *Herald*. We forget the reason for the expectation; but when a mugwump paper says such Wigginsish things the heavens may be expected to remain, like Mr. Cleveland's soil, in their place.

A GRAPE-GROWER of California wants to be represented at the world's fair with a column of wine fifty feet high. As the late Mr. Webster might remark, the liberty of a country is safe when a single grape-growing citizen of it can erect a column of wine fifty feet high.

THE MAYOR of Cincinnati, which is the home of music, tried to address a few hundred ballet-girls who had struck, and when he got his hat back—the same having been kicked—he said he not only didn't know where he got it, but what in the name of the rose of Sharon he was going to do with it.

THE THEOLOGIAN of the Utica *Observer* says St. Paul is in the soup. Paul was a radical in his views, and we do think he was vicious and short-sighted as to the bringing up of children and the privileges of women; but such references to him are highly indecorous—and false as well, because they do not have soup over there.

"THE BACHELOR GIRL" is one of the latest of the novels of William Hosea Ballou. This girl has a horse killed by lightning in Central park, and the result is that the girl is yanked into a William Hosea Balloun five miles high. Mr. Ballou is proficient in large lies. We hope he will drag the anchor of his imagination some day sufficiently to catch a little one.

NEBRASKA HOSPITALITY.

PROPRIETOR—"See that sign?"
SOGGED WILLIAM—"Yes. S'pose I'm blind?"
PROPRIETOR—"Ain't you goin' t' stop eatin'?"
SOGGED WILLIAM—"No. I'm hungry."

THE PROPRIETOR—"That makes the fourth to-day."

THE WHITTLER.

THAR wuz Pollock—'Lijah Pollock—
ust to live down by the crick;
He wuz prouder nor a peacock an'
yit poorer nor a tick,
An' so lazy thet I reckon he ud
wonder ez he sat
W'y it wuz he couldn't beckon
wood an' water with 'is hat.

Ez I ust to see him lazin' in the
sunshine day by day
Thar wuz suthin' in him 'mazin'
like 'zif laziness shud pay;
An' he kinder seemed t' flourish jes'
ez well 'zif taters grew
On the bushes an' ud nourish ez meat vittles allus do.

Pollock mos'ly had a little stick o' wood an' knife in hand,
An' he'd whittle, whittle, whittle 'zif jack-knives wuz in demand
W'en 'is neighbors wuz a-plowin' fast ez they cud git around,
Or a-plantin' or a-sowin'—Pollock didn't care fer ground.

Them ez noticed him ud snicker and say shavin's didn't count,
But 'Lije Pollock never 'd bicker, an' he didn't mind a taunt.
He jes' kep' right on a-whittlin' an' a-bein' quite perlite,
An' durn me ef he an't whittled out a payin' patent-right!

J. A. WALDRON.

OCULAR DEMONSTRATION.

"I CAN see now why you advertise rooms for single men," remarked an applicant to the landlady.

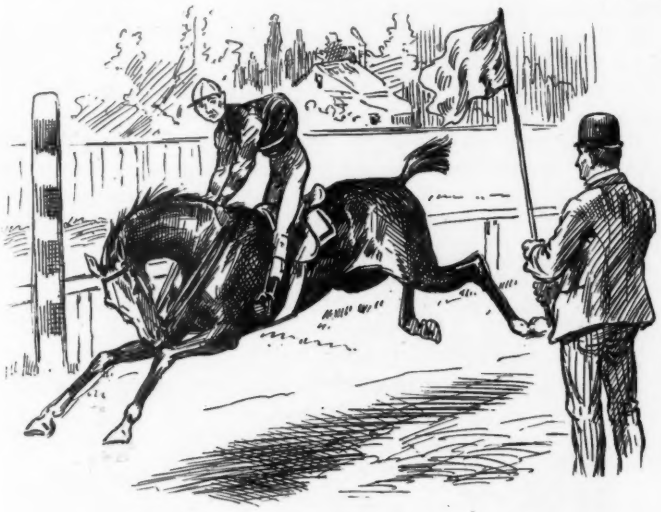
"Why?"

"Because the rooms are too small to hold double ones."

TIT FOR TAT.

CRUSTY BACHELOR—"There! that's Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. *She* never got married."

ARTFUL WIDOW—"No; but this is King Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived. *He* married a thousand times!"



A BREAKAWAY.

GALLEDWELL (*the starter*)—"What's he kickin' about?"

KARRISON (*the jockey*)—"He thinks that new pole 's a barber-sign, an' wants to get shaved."

GALLEDWELL—"Give him the spurs. He's infringin' on th' rights of th' public."

NO SETTLEMENT.

"IF I HAVE ever used any unkind words to you, Sarah," said Mr. Henpeck calmly, "I will take them all back."

"Yes, indeed!" she replied; "I suppose so you can use them all over again."

ACCURATE INFORMATION.

Johnny Cumso—"Papa, how big is a bird-shot?'

Cumso—"Just the same size as before shooting, Johnny."

SOME DEFINITIONS.

Benefit—The fruit of goodness, but difficult to digest.

Chemistry—The cookery of science.

Cocotte—A chicken with teeth.

Cradle—A nest of kisses and a mirror of smiles.

Grace—The genius of women.

Purse—A small receptacle in which money is put, but which too often proves to be an endless labyrinth in which money is lost.

Trousers—An article of raiment that men put on, but which in reality is often worn by women.

Young girl—A cherry that reddens before it ripens.

A NAUTICAL MAID.

"DID you enjoy your yachting trip, Miss Rosalie?" he asked.

"Oh," she cried enthusiastically, "it was just too lovely for anything! and I enjoyed it *so* much. I used to rise every morning at seven o'clock just to see the sailors launch the bowsprit."

LIFE.

LIFE may be likened to a loaf of bread,
To be preferred cut evenly, and light;
Delicious when 'tis generously spread
With golden butter stamped with eagle bright.
'Tis soaked in milk till childhood's days are past,
And some there be who come to toast at last.

IT DEPENDED ON HERSELF.

Fair applicant—"And how long do you think, sir, it will take to prepare myself for the stage?"

Manager—"That depends first on your ability in securing a husband and then on your agility in getting a divorce."

BASE-BALL AT DUSK VILLAGE.

CAPTAIN PENDLETON (*who has made a hit*)—"Ef I, wuz shore yo' pitched dat yer charlotte-roost intentional in place ob d' ball I'd razzer yo' whar yo' stan's!"

JOCKEY MIKE.

HESTER street, jest off d' Bowery,
That's where I landed in 'seventy;
Prob'ly got spanked fer my trouble—
Mother begun on me early.

Th' ole man was a blot on creation—
Ugly an' drunk ain't no name fer it;
Swep' up th' rooms ev'ry mornin'
Usin' this kid fer a sweeper.

I stood it clean up t' 'eighty,
Then I pulled freight off fer Sheeps head;
Slep' in a corn-bin with Jakey—
Jakey 's the commodore's rider;

Blacker 'n ink on th' outside,
Whiter 'n milk round th' gizzard.
One day I ketched Hoggin's bolter
'N' rid him bare-back t' th' stable.

Hoggin he says, "Who's that bow-legs?"
"Me," says I; "Mike, from th' city."
"Give him a hoss, Mr. Trainer,
'N' lick him like"—— Well, I got solid.

See me come in on Doncaster?
See all the ladies in th' gran'-stan'
Howlin' out, "Mike 's got th' winner"?
Ev'ry scar on me felt pretty.

G.

THEY BOTH READ THE DATE.

MR. HAYRICK (*producing lottery-ticket*)—"Read th' list, Marthy. I'm too narvous."

MRS. HAYRICK—"Well, she starts off with one thousan' eight hundered an' ninety."

MR. HAYRICK—"Hooray, mother! We're wuth our pile at last!"

HE MIGHT KNOW FIGURES.

"WELL, Sammy," said the schoolmaster to the son of a patron not renowned for sobriety, "suppose your father has in his cellar three barrels of whisky containing about thirty gallons each. If he consumed two quarts a day—a large average—how long would it take him to use up the entire three barrels?"

"A month, sir."

"A month? Oh, Tommy, Tommy! it's very clear to see that you don't know arithmetic yet."

"And you don't know my papa."

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME.

Teacher—"Chicago, children, is in the temperate zone. Now, for illustration, where is St. Louis?"

Johnny—"In the intemperate zone."

A NEW CHARACTERIZATION.

Ella (spitefully)—"Their marriage was nothing but a trade union."

Sophie—"A trade union?"

Ella—"Yes; she traded her money for his title."

SENTENCES PASSED BY THE JUDGE.

THE present grief is always of the first magnitude.

Canonization does not follow a martyrdom to self-interest.

It is better to be loved while living than canonized after death.

The melancholy relics of the saints are no warmer for the costly incense burned upon their altars.

It is easier to lavish pity upon the victims of injustice than to make that pity unnecessary by being just.

To want what one cannot have and to have what one does not want seems to be the unhappy lot of us mortals.

An ideal need not dissolve in rain in order to lose its glory. It is only that the sun may cease to illuminate by changing its position with regard to it.

KATHRINE GROSJEAN.

ECONOMICAL.

Mrs. Schaumberger—"Rebecca, mein dear!"

Rebecca—"Vat is it now, mutter?"

Mrs. Schaumberger—"Scrape der powder your face off ven you get pack from der deatre."

Rebecca—"Vat vill you do mit id all, mutter?"

Mrs. Schaumberger—"Id vill do for mein neck ad de Purim ball."

BOYS AGAIN.

PROFESSOR DUMSTONE (*vice-president Society for the Advancement of Science*)—"Whoop-la, doctor! I haven't studied the problems of impetus for nothing."

DOCTOR GERTZ (*Johns Hopkins university*)—"I vos afrait you vos righd, mein dear sir."

——And this was the subject under discussion.

HIGGINS.

HE WAS always about
F'om sun-up till night,
Droppin' in like by chance,
Till I tell ye the sight
Of his face fahly give me the shivers,
Like a speret's face might.

He wasn't my style,
Thet Higgins, no way—
Big, heavy-set man
With a mild sort-uh ray
In his eyes like a baby's, an' whiskers
The color o' hay.

A widower too,
Which I 'spise 'em on yearth!
With one little boy
Which was blind f'om his birth;
An' sech to be settin' to *me*
Fer all he was worth!

Me! harnsome an' all,
In my thirties, ye know,
With right smart o' land,
An' cheeks with a glow
Like a high-colored posy; it got me!
I told Looly so.

Our hired gyrl, she—
A slip of a maid
With rough brownish hair
An' eyes with a shade
Sortuh sorrerful bidin' inside 'em,
Like she was afraid.

She smiled as I spoke,
An' she said, middlin' low,
That Higgins was meek
In his aimin's, an' so
It was *her*, unly *her* he was courtin'
An' she hedn't said no.

I laughed out right loud,
F'om—relief, don't you see?
A course he took *her*
'Cuz he dassent ask *me!*
"I hope he'll be happy," I sighed.
"He *is*, ma'am!" says she.

E. W. MCGLASSON.

ON A LITTLE "RACQUET" OF HIS OWN.

FROM THE HEART.

LITTLE Miss Lily was paying her first visit to the country. Seeing some birds in a meadow, she exclaimed, "Poor little birdies of the field! They haven't even a cage to sleep in."

A POETESS.

CLARISSA claims to be a poetess, and stringing
Her harp all day she says the heart she stirs—
Well, since of heaven and angels she is always singing,
At least there are no loftier flights than hers. N. M. L.

HAD ALWAYS MOVED.

Angry landlord—"See here, are you going to pay the rent or move?"

Tenant—"I've always heard it was cheaper to move."

Angry landlord (sneeringly)—"Well, you ought to know something about it by this time."

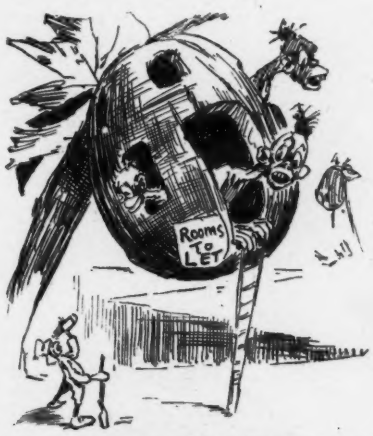
Tenant—"I'm not so sure about that. You see I have never paid any rent."

"WHAT'S wrong, Dick? Is it that you can't
Get out of debt that you deplore?"
"Oh, not at all! 'Tis only that
I can't get into debt some more."

WHAT WE ARE PREPARED TO BELIEVE REGARDING THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

BASED ON THE TALES OF RECENT TRAVELERS.

1. "A race of dwarfs inhabits the forest of Mukamba."



2. "Cocoanuts are somewhat larger on the Loangwa river than we find them nearer the coast."

3. "The fauna of the Umpeloogis region includes many animals hitherto unknown to natural historians."

4. "A wise dispensation of Providence makes it possible for the inhabitants of the great Sheekargoe desert to protect themselves from the mid-day sun."

5. "Capturing an elephant in the Rionga delta."

6. "An occasional mosquito was met a few leagues north of Stanley falls."

7. "My gun-bearer captured an African trout yesterday weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. Of course you will understand that I mean the trout and not the gun-bearer."

8. (*A reality.*) "King Mwamba very kindly took us for a stroll in the vegetable-garden back of his kraal."

ACKNOWLEDGING TH

COLUMBIA —"Gentlemen, why do you object to this measure? It merely insures honest Federal Elections

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho Co New York

DGING THE TRUTH.

Elections

DEMOCRATIC LEADERS—"That is just what we don't want and will not permit!"

THE OLD BRIDGE RAIL.

GOSH t' goodness! hain't it fun
When the yaller of the sun
Turns to purple in the west,
When the da'ry milkin's dun
An' we all can take a rest?
There's the rail with notches cut
Jist above the river's gut,
Where the eddies circle round—
Primest place for fishin'-ground.
Half a dozen leanin' there,
Elbow clost to elbow wear—
'G'inst the same old cedar rail,
Watchin' boys a-pullin' eels—
Silver grubs they never fail
Catchin' on to fishes' meals.
Goodness! what a lot we talk;
An' we watch the lovers walk
'Mong the willers clost beside
Rushes where the brushes balk
Into foam the river's tide.
That old rail above the gut
If 't could speak a story 'd put
Into words to make you smile;
For it's held for years a pile
Of the farmer folks when sun
Turns its yaller in the west
Into purple an' is dun—
When the folks cum down to rest.

H. S. KELLER.

THE CHICAGO-FAIR PARASOL;
Á LA EIFFEL TOWER.

CARRIED IT TO EXTREMES.

JONES and his wife had just returned from the theatre.

Stumbling around the room, he had lighted three matches in the apparently vain effort to find something.

"What have you lost, my dear?" asked his better-half.

"A match; I thought I dropped one as we went out. Ah! here it is; there's nothing like being saving in small things."

HIS DAILY ALLOWANCE.

Tailor (to impecunious man just married to a wealthy girl)—"Will you have a money-pocket inside your vest, Mr. Smallart?"

Smallart—"Y—ye—n—no, but you may make a pocket in my coat just large enough to hold fifteen cents."

HE RAILROADS THEM TO MATRIMONY.

First clergyman—"It seems to me I never have any marriage ceremonies to perform except in the fall."

Second clergyman—"Then you are a sort of autumn-atic coupler."

THE IDENTITY COMPLETE.

AT A SEANCE.

Auditor—"I would like to speak with Robert Browning."

Spirit medium (ten minutes later)—"Mr. Browning has just been seen, but the angel could not understand what he said."

Auditor—"How like Bob!"

SOUND ADVICE.

"I'M TERRIBLY embarrassed; my eldest son is just nineteen and I haven't the slightest idea what I shall make of him."

"Doesn't he show an inclination for any particular vocation?"

"Well, he seems fond of traveling—going about, you know."

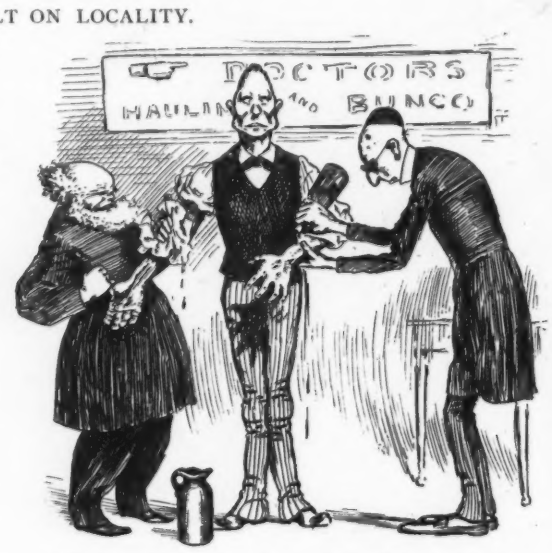
"I've got it; make him a—a"—

"A what?"

"Why, a bank cashier."

AT FAULT ON LOCALITY.

DR. HAULIN—"Feel kind of weak, don't you?"
DR. BUNCO—"Subject to trembling fits, I see?"
THE PATIENT—"You've hit it."



DR. HAULIN—"Just let me rub a little of this on your arm."

DR. BUNCO—"I'll treat the other with a little of the king's own revivifier."

HARD TO PLEASE.

THE maid you love your bosom wrings
If slender be your hoard;
She always seems to like the things
You cannot well afford.

WHAT TO EXPECT.

Gabriel (placing his trumpet to his lips)—"Toot! too"——

Mr. Holman (rising suddenly)—"I object!"

MY RIVAL.

I SAW you hug yourself for joy
The time you cut me out,
You little thinking then, my boy,
The laugh would turn about.

TWO 'S COMPANY.

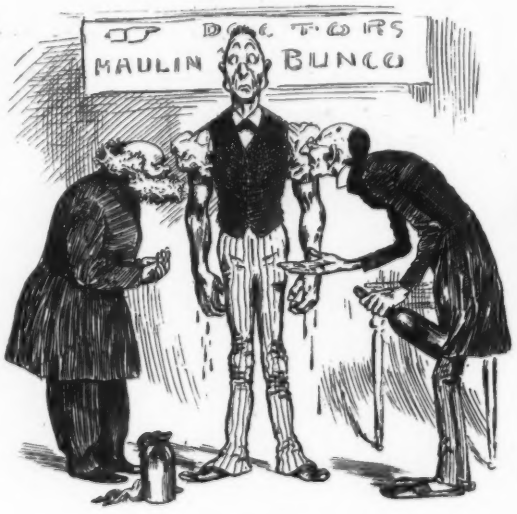
"PAPA," remarked the senator's daughter, looking at the clock.

"What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the parlor with the young people.

"It is nine o'clock. At this time George and I usually go into executive session."

Then papa retired.

WHEN riding on the rail
Oh, never close your peepers!—
For you must remember
The train runs over sleepers.



CHORUS—"Ten dollars apiece, please."

THE PATIENT—"You fellers got hold of me so quick I forgot t' tell yer that all that weakness an' tremblin' was in my legs."

Tew be agreeable iz tew be easily pleazed. If this iz so how easy and pleazant it iz tew be agreeable!—*Josh Billings.*

"Avoid whisky and water, my son," said the fond father. "It is a dilution and a snare."—*Hamilton Spectator.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The strangest thing about buying a man's silence is that you are not sure you have it unless you pay him to keep it.—*Elmira Gazette.*

At the loan exhibition—*Miss R. Tistique*—"Oh, what a perfectly lovely pitcher!" *Miss Ethel Lettic*—"Isn't it, though? Just get on to its curves!"—*Terre Haute Express.*

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething; soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

"Huh!" remarked a little girl after the census enumerator had finished his questions, "that didn't hurt much." It will probably hurt worse in thirty years from now.—*Dansville Breeze.*

First report—"Patti has lost her voice." *Second report*—"Patti has not lost her voice." *Third report*—"It is stated on excellent authority that Patti's voice is entirely gone." *Fourth report*—"The statement that Patti's voice is gone proves to be absolutely false She has suffered from merely a slight cold." At this point we are informed that the remainder of this article must be received over the counter in the business office at usual rates.—*Washington Post.*

Prickly Heat, Chafing, Sunburn, Mosquito-bites and **Irritations of the Skin**
from various causes are speedily relieved by use of
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ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

"Play ball!" shouted the umpire. "Aw, what's de use o' tellin' 'em dat?" said a *habitué* of the bleaching boards. "Dey can't."—*Washington Post.*

A newspaper article on "How to prevent war" is going the rounds. You may think "Remain single" is the answer, but it isn't.—*Whiteside Herald.*

"Throw physic to the dogs," and use Angostura Bitters for good digestion and a healthy appetite. Sole M'f'rs, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Mamma—"Good-bye, dearie; what shall I buy for my little girl?" *Helen*—"Some bunions, please, so I can tell when the weather is going to change."—*Harper's Young People.*

Roger Q. Mills—"I guess the peach crop is an utter failure this year." *Senator Carlisle*—"Well, that's what the country gets for keeping the protection party in power."—*Inter-Ocean.*

Census-taker—"How old are you, madam?" *Madam*—"I've seen twenty-five summers." *Census-taker*—"How did you come to miss the other fifteen or twenty?"—*Binghamton Leader.*

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE
Champagne is "Cabinet Sekt," of Kloss & Foerster, Freyburg. Thomsen & Co., 87 Wall st., sole agents.

Citizen—"What do you think of the proposition to enlist Indians into the regular army?" *Captain West-point*—"Indians? 'Pon honnah! Why, they cawn't dance."—*New York Weekly.*

"I am hungry," pleaded the poor actor on the Rialto. "In the words of Shakespeare," quoth his brother tragedian, producing a dime with infinite grace, "Go; get thee to a bunnery."—*New York Herald.*

A Georgia editor apologizes for the scarcity of local news in his paper and says, "We will have plenty of news next week, as we have taken a census contract, and we are on the inside track of every citizen in the country."

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The seaside landlord smiles with glee,
And as he rubs his hands
He says, "My profits ought to be
As countless as the sands."
—*Detroit Sun.*

Thank heaven!" said Shakespeare's ghost; "thank heaven and bless'd be the cyclone." "Why so grateful, William?" asked the spook of Queen Elizabeth. "Because, me liegess, the paper says the cyclone destroyed several Hamlets."—*New York Herald.*

THE NEW HOLLENDEN, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the most magnificent hotel in the west. American and European plans.

"Harold," said the sweet girl, "shall I read to you my graduating essay for to-morrow?" "Yes, darling," replied the young man, pale but calm. "It—if anything should happen to me," he added in a hoarse, husky whisper, "remember, Maud, my last thoughts were of you!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

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First summer girl (wearily)—"I must say I wish I were in sheol to-night." *Second summer girl*—"Why, for heaven's sake?" *First summer girl*—"There are so many men there."—*The Bostonian.*

Miss Au Fait—"And we saw Niagara falls too!" *Anglomaniac*—"Weally? Fwom which side?" *Miss Au Fait*—"From the American side." *Chappy* (aside)—"How vewy vulgah!"—*Lawrence American.*

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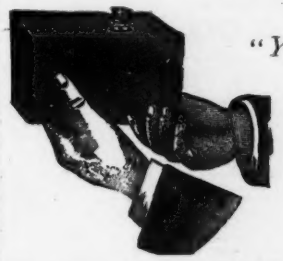
Wife (delighted)—"What! home through the summer shower? But where did you get that lovely piece of ice?" *Husband* (exultingly)—"It's a hailstone which just fell in our front yard, and we can pay off our mortgage with it."—*Chicago Times.*

Triedout—"Didn't you have some personal difficulty with Bigelow?" *Slideout*—"Yes." *Triedout*—"How did you fix it?" *Slideout*—"Oh, I got revenge." *Triedout*—"How?" *Slideout*—"Gave his address to a book-agent."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

NEW KODAKS



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"I think," said a disappointed and discouraged actor, "that I would have made the hit of my life by not being born."—*Washington Post.*

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Tired husband—"I sometimes wish, wife, that I was an indicted New York alderman." *Wife*—"Why, what a funny wish, dear!" *Tired husband*—"No, not funny. They are the only ones who seem to have no trials."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Auntie (who is on a visit in the country)—"What a heavenly morning it is, Nina. I feel as though I should like to make some one supremely happy to-day." *Nina* (catching the same feeling)—"Yes, auntie, and so do I. Let's go and scratch the pig's back."—*Pick Me Up.*

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All full er saucy snap an' sniggle,
Uv ribbons an' rings an' them sorter things,
Uv gush an' gossip an' giggle;
All little sorter silly buds
Who mos'ly talked er dress an' duds.

All kinder purty little dolls,
Chockfull er chirrup an' er chatter,
Whose talk er balls an' fol-de-rols
Would never spile the brain's gray matter;
I thought so till the other day,
Until I foun' Matilda Bray.

Now, 'Tilda don't seem like the rest—
It seems to me she's jest perfection;
An' I git red ez a strawberry-bed
If she jest turns in my direction;
An' then my heart it thumps an' thumps
Like one er them hydraulic pumps.

An' I jest tol' her yesterday,
"You're different frum other wimmin,
Whose min's are a pack er bric-à-brac
An' frills an' furbelows an' trimmin'."
She looked at me, half gay, half glad:
"You think so coz you've got 'em bad."
—*S. W. Foss in the Yankee Blade.*

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CARL PRETZEL'S PHILOSOPHY.

Der gelt dot does der most goot vas der pennies dot vas shlowfully earned.

Been chenerous und you would been just—on der front shtoop of der poor houses.

Nefer don'd put on some schollobs mit wings dot you got by dookin' der dekree of mendicantism.

Adwice is more worth as oxamble. Dots besser you dook adwice und gif der oxamble to der fellow dot could use dot.

Vhen der air vas all full mit der shmell of a flannel shird, dhen beace und blendy would dooken der blace of boverdy und vant. No feller, dhen, would shtarf for a loat of wood.

"It's enough to kind of sour a man on human nature," said the tramp, "when you stop to consider how often you're called lazy because you won't do a seventy-five-cent job at sawin' wood for a fifteen-cent breakfast."—*Washington Post.*

The reverend Sourgrapes—"Don't you think that titles of doctor of divinity are getting to be altogether too common nowadays to be of any value?" *The reverend Litelwait*—"Yes, they are getting to be mere pair o' D's."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Charley Rivers—"And so you will be eight next week, Flossie! Why, you are getting to be quite an old lady." *Flossie*—"Yes, I'm getting old much faster than Sister May is. She has been twenty-three ever since I can remember."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

"Look here, Mary! didn't that young man kiss you while you two were standing in the hall just before he left?" asked the old lady looking over her spectacles at the blushing vision of sweetness she had been more or less responsible for during the past eighteen years. "I cannot tell a lie, mamma. But it was only once." "Only once? Lord, how different the young men are nowadays to what they were when I was a girl!"—*Terre Haute Express.*

Prosecuting attorney—"Gentlemen of the jury, look at the prisoner. See his wandering eye, note his nervous movements, his cringing look, his hang-dog expression. Do you not see before you a man so full of guilt that he has for years been in hourly fear that the dread blow would come?" *Prisoner*—"Please, sir; I got that way living in a flat and trying not to offend the janitor." *The jury* (without leaving the box)—"Not guilty."—*New York Weekly.*

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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

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THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders

is the most marvelous antidote yet discovered. It is the premier specific for **Weak Stomach, Sick Headache, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver,** etc.; and is found efficacious and remedial by

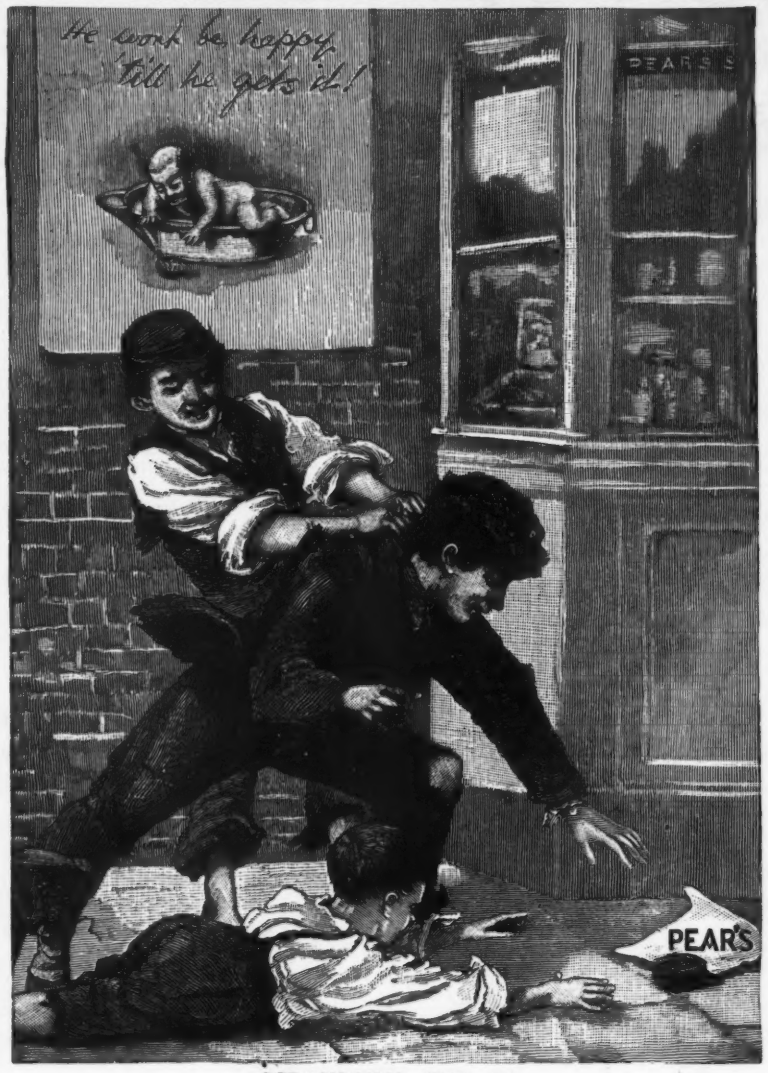
FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have an unprecedented demand and the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Prepared only by **THOS. BEECHAM,** St. Helens, Lancashire, England **B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York,** who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail **BEECHAM'S PILLS** on receipt of price—*but inquire first.*

Please mention Judge.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all people who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores, where all sorts of vile and inferior soaps, represented as "just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get the genuine Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

WHAT Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia think, etc., of **WASHINGTON** and Seattle its Metropolis. Address Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.

BOISE CITY, CAPITAL OF IDAHO.

Metropolis, and by provision of constitution permanent capital. Unusual opportunities for investment and business. Capital needed. Mortgages net ten per cent. Saw mills, brick kilns, woolen mills, iron works wanted. Unlimited water power. Best society, schools, churches. Perfect climate. Stock-growers' paradise. *Free government land.* Great grain, fruit and vegetable country. Field crops net $25 per acre. Idaho, "Gem of the Mountains," will soon be a state. Third in precious minerals. Output last year $17,000,000. Combine business with pleasure and visit us. Excursion rates. Illustrated pamplets mailed free. BOARD OF TRADE, Boise City, Idaho.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odinburg, Ind., Nov. 28.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy moustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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Tricopherous

FOR THE

HAIR & SKIN

An elegant dressing exquisitely perfumed, removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful. Infallible for curing eruptions, diseases of the skin, glands and muscles, and quickly healing cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, &c. All Druggists or by Mail, 50 Cents. BARCLAY & CO., 44 Stone St., New York.

Where Shall We Pass the Summer?

Those who are considering a vacation during the coming Summer will find much information of interest in the new publications of the Passenger Department of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, entitled

"Health and Pleasure on America's Greatest Railroad,"

—AND—

"Summer Homes on the Harlem."

Copies of either will be mailed to any address on receipt of Fourteen Cents postage, by the General Passenger Agent.

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ASTHMA-HAY FEVER CURED. A TRIAL PACKAGE BY MAIL TO SUFFERERS. **FREE**

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ESTABLISHED 1813.

OUR BEST MAKE

BUGGY FOR **$275.**

Style, Finish, and Durability unexcell d.

THE JAMES GOOLD CO.,

BUILDERS OF FINE CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,

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PURE, SOLUBLE, Delicious.

THE FOREMOST COCOA OF EUROPE, THE COMING ONE OF AMERICA. Easily Digested—Made Instantly.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS. The Original—Take no other.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."

Thare iz nothing more dangerous tew most men than praize—it iz like filling them up with gunpowder, and putting a slow match tew them.—*Josh Billings.*

THE BEST PROTECTION!
THE SAFEST INVESTMENT!
For yourself, your family, your estate,
The Non-Forfeiting Free Tontine Policy
OF THE
NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
346 & 348 Broadway, New York.
NOTHING CAN TAKE THE PLACE OF SOUND LIFE INSURANCE.
WHY WILL YOU WAIT?
Write to the Company direct
For Results of Policies now Maturing, and terms, stating your age.

5 HOURS TO WASHINGTON

5 HOURS TO WASHINGTON

Jersey Central, Reading
— AND —
B. & O. RAILROADS.
Fastest Trains in America
NO EXTRA FARE FOR FAST TIME.
Pullman Cars on all Trains.
Engines Burn Hard Coal and Coke.
NO DUST.
NO CINDERS.

By reason of the construction of a new bridge across the Schuylkill, the above named lines, under their schedule of May 11th, are enabled to offer an accelerated Express Train Service between New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, the fastest regular trains ever established upon this continent. The fast time is rendered practicable by reason of the superior condition of the double track steel roadway, excellence of equipment and elimination of stops.

TICKET OFFICES.—71, 261, 415, 944, 1140 and 1323 Broadway; 737 6th Ave.; 264 W. 125th St., and 133 E. 125th Street.

BROOKLYN TICKET OFFICES.—4 Court Street, 860 Fulton Street, and 98 Broadway.

Station Foot of Liberty St.

5 HOURS TO WASHINGTON

THE OLD VILLAGE-STORE.

Some nights when I draw up the old arm-chair
And sit and smoke and watch the embers glow,
I get to thinking of those by-gone days
And people that I knew long years ago.
I see again the grassy village street,
The tavern with its ever-open door,
And forms and faces, long since passed away,
That used to gather at the village-store.

The old brick store! Its walls were green with mould,
The letters on the sign were dim and faint.
The casings of the window and the door
Scarce showed the color of the time-worn paint.
The "keeper of the store," old "Uncle John,"
Was quite in keeping with the things around;
His pleasant face was furrowed deep with age,
And iron-bowed "specs" his wrinkled forehead crowned.

How plain I see him standing in the door,
Watching us urchins busy at our play;
His jolly laugh still echoes in my ears
As if I heard it sound but yesterday.
I feel his gentle pat upon my head
As, with copper grasped within my hand,
To purchase candy-sticks I ventured in
To what appeared to me a fairy-land.

Close by the door the letter-boxes stood,
Where from the outer world we got our news,
And next, the shelves, with tempting groceries filled;
Then hats of straw and cowhide boots and shoes;
A rack of farming tools stood handy by;
One corner held the cures for all our ills—
I taste again the dreaded castor oil
And shudder at the thought of salts or pills.

On winter evenings gathered old and young
Around the stove whose sides were red with heat,
And with our mouths agape we youngsters sat
And heard the older ones their tales repeat
Of wondrous things their fathers used to do;
Of failures of the crops, of husking-bees,
Of springtime floods, the depth of winter snows,
And wild adventures on the land and seas.

An object of our envy was the clerk,
With smoothly tallowed hair and gorgeous tie,
With head erect, a quill behind his ear,
He hardly saw us as he passed us by.
But at the entrance of some village maid,
With jaunty air and fascinating smile,
Exchanged his goods for butter or for eggs
And wisely talked about the city style.

The years have fled, the walls have fallen down,
Old "Uncle John" long since has passed away,
And we, the happy boys of those old days,
Have wrinkled faces and our hairs are gray.
As from my pipe the curling smoke goes up,
Grows thin and fades away till seen no more,
So vanished are the scenes of other days,
And but a memory is the village store.
—*Henry Walbridge Stocker in the Boston Globe.*

"Do you call this tough composition you have given me liver, Mrs. Boxer?" "I call that liver—yes, Mr. Slowpay." "Well, I think I must have got a piece of the pad."—*New York Sun.*

"Poor woman! Have you no husband to help you earn a living?" "I have a husband, so called, but he is deeply engaged in something else." "Of what nature?" "Trusting in Providence."—*Chicago Times.*

New VINEYARD. All Steel, rubber tire BICYCLES
High grade,—cowhorn bars, spade handles, Kirkpatrick saddle; Warranted one year.
50-in. worth $55, for $32 | 44-in. worth $40, for $22
48-in. worth $50, for $27 | 42-in. worth $35, for $20
46-in. worth $45, for $25 | 38-in. worth $30, for $17
CATA. FREE. Tangent spokes $1 extra. Easy payments. Agts. wanted
ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 91 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

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WILD WEST SHOW and GRAND FIREWORKS DISPLAY at BOWERY BAY BEACH,
The most Beautiful and Popular Family Resort,
Only twenty minutes' sail from New York. DAILY, by elegant Steamboats from East 99th St., 10, 12 a.m.; 2, 4, 6 and 8 p.m. Also from Harlem Bridge, 130th St. and 3d Ave., 10, 12 a.m.; 2, 3:30, 5, 7 p.m., directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c., children half price. Also by horse railroad from East 92d and 34th St. Ferries, New York. R. R fare 5c.
SUNDAYS from East 99th St., **Hourly** from 10 a.m. till 8 p.m. Also from Harlem Bridge, 130th St. and 3d Ave., 10 and 12 a.m., then **Half-hourly** to 10 p.m., directly to Grand Pier, Bowery Bay Beach. Fare 10c., children half price. Also by horse-railroad from 92d St. (Astoria) Ferry from 6 a.m. until midnight. Fare 10 cents.

THE KAATERSKILL,
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS, N. Y.
EXPRESS THROUGH TRAINS
Leave via West Shore Railroad from West 42d street, New York, 10.45 a.m, 11.30 a.m. and 3.45 p.m. SATURDAY'S SPECIAL—1.15 p.m., at reduced fare.
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CORONADO BEACH, San Diego Co., Cal. *Agassiz* said of *Coronado:* **"A climate that has no equal."** The average mean temperature *for ten years* has been, *July*, 67.1; *August*, 60. For full particulars, address **E. S. BABCOCK, Jr.,** manager the **HOTEL DEL CORONADO.**

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Finest Mountain in the World.
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$12 TO $25 PER WEEK.
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BREVOORT HOUSE,
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Rooms, $1 a day and upwards. Baggage to and from Grand Central depot free.
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KEELER'S HOTEL,
26 and 28 Maiden Lane, ALBANY, N. Y.

GARFIELD TEA Cures Constipation and Sick Headache.
Free samples at all druggists or 319 W. 45th St., N.Y.

PROF. S. V. R. FORD,
DISCOVERER OF
"HOPE FOR THE BALD."—(Trade-Mark.)
Pamphlet of Information and Testimonials mailed on receipt of stamp.
Address S. V. R. FORD,
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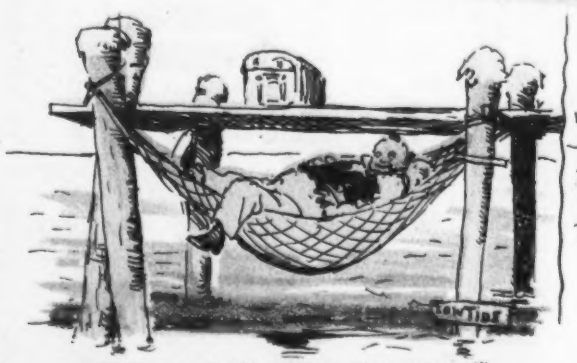
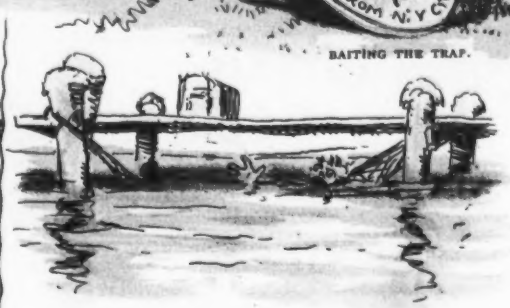
PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

LICENSED BRIGANDS.

BAITING THE TRAP.



"WHERE CAN YOU FIND A COOLER SPOT THAN THIS?"



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SEASIDE TATTOOING.

MIDSUMMER SKETCHES.